

CONTACTS

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CATHEDRALS

There is a tale told of a certain philosopher who, strolling about a great city, came upon three workmen, plying the same trade, side by side. All, to the casual observer, were engaged in doing exactly the same thing. But the philosopher was no casual observer.

He approached the first of the workmen, and asked him: "What are you doing?" And without raising his dulled eyes from the task which lay before him, the man replied tonelessly: "Breaking stones."

The philosopher noted his reply and passed on to the second workman to whom he put the same question: "What are you doing?" And the second man answered him, without interest: "Just trying to make enough money to get by, and have a little fun on!"

Seemingly still not satisfied with either of the answers which had been given him, the philosopher proceeded to the third man, and to him also put the same question: "What are you doing?"

And this man, glancing first on high at the skeleton framework which was raising itself above him, said to the philosopher, with the fires of vision shining in his eyes: "I AM HELPING TO BUILD A CATHEDRAL!"

Let us examine this tale, and let us also examine ourselves to see into which

classification of individual, as represented by the three workmen, we must place ourselves.

Each of us has a daily task to perform—a task which occupies by far the greater proportion of our waking hours—in short, a task which constitutes our whole life.

How are we regarding it?

Are we only "breaking stones"?—able to see nothing whatsoever beyond the actual material and physical significance of the work beneath our hands—willingly and knowingly making of our own lives a deadly round of days without light, without interest, without hope? Do we regard our work—our life—as merely a necessary evil—something unpleasant, but unavoidable—which has to be accepted along with the means which enable us to "get by and have a little fun on"?

Or have we the vision—the faith in ourselves and in our own importance in the great scheme of things—to link ourselves and what we are doing, with the highest achievements of mankind? Are we able to see in the task before us, however humble it may be, a real and vital factor in the progress of the larger enterprise to which we contribute? And are we thus able to make of our lives a Great Adventure—and something which is as vitally important to those around us as it is to ourselves?

Are We Breaking Stones—or Helping to Build a Cathedral? —M.S.



'CROSS SECTIONS

Sizing Things Up

We broke out in a fine fever of inquisitiveness the other day, and succeeded in making a grand nuisance of ourselves down on the Main Floor until we succeeded in getting our questions answered. Our questions seemed reasonable enough to us—questions which any number of people should be able to answer.

But could YOU?

What we wanted to know was how hats and shoes were "sized." That is to say, when we speak of our hat being size $7\frac{1}{2}$, how do we arrive at that figure? In other words, what is the relationship between the *measurements of your head and the size of your hat*? And in the same way, how about shoes?

Now, here were questions, thought we, that we are almost ashamed to confess we can't answer. And yet, it was hardly believable, the lengths to which we had to go before running the correct information to earth. And before you start making any comments, how about answering them yourself, just before you read the next paragraph?

Well, the whole thing is very simple—once it's been explained to you. The size of a hat is determined by measuring the length of the head (i.e., from front to back)—the width (side to side)—adding them together, and dividing by two. Or, if you are of a mathematical turn of mind, you may, if you prefer, measure the circumference of the head, and divide this number by your old friend of high-school days— $22/7$ —3.14. In either case

what you get is the mean, or average, diameter of the head, and that, ladies and gentlemen, is the size of hat you should wear.

The shoe story is a little more complicated, and no less interesting to such uninformed laymen as ourselves.

Some shoe manufacturers buy their leather uncut, that is, as it leaves the finishing department of the tannery. Usually they express its weight in irons, but most manufacturers buy cut soles and express their weight in "inches," though to them an inch is not the usual surface measure— $1/12$ of a foot.

An iron is exactly $1/48$ of an inch; therefore, a nine-iron sole is $9/48$ of an inch thick, and so on.

When the other scale is used, twenty uniformly thick soles are placed one on top of the other and their combined thickness is measured. If twenty soles have a combined thickness of eight inches, these soles are called eight-inch soles; should the total thickness be seven or nine inches, they would be referred to as seven or nine-inch soles.

The height of heels is expressed in eighths of an inch— $18/8$ heel $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches high. Wooden heels are covered with leather or fabric and are provided with a leather or rubber top lift. As a rule, wooden heels are not put on shoes of the most serviceable and durable types—wood is not as heavy as leather or rubber, so this type of heel is almost entirely confined to lightweight footwear. There are many styles of heels, particularly for women's shoes—french heels, spike heels, cuban heels, military heels, spring heels.

CONTACTS

The size of a shoe is its length for a standard width. The width is expressed in letters and the length in numbers. Stock widths range from triple A (AAA) the narrowest, to double E (EE) the widest. Whole sizes increase in length by one-third of an inch. The American size system runs from 0 to 13½ in the first series and continues from 1 on in the second series. In the first series, size 0 is 4 inches long and size 13½ is 8½ inches long. In the second series, size 1 is 8-2/3 inches long and size 12 is 12-1/3 inches long.

As many people do not desire to wear shoes over a certain size, regardless of the size of their feet, manufacturers have adopted a code or secret numbering system; by this means they are able to render a real service in fitting feet. A certain size of one make or style of shoe may be a correct fit, whereas the same size of another make or style may not be. Shoes should always be fitted with the entire weight of the body in the feet, as the feet are then at their largest. New shoes, if a correct fit, are comfortable from the start. They do not need breaking in.

Hidden Message

The word "depression" has been tossed about so much of recent years that it is now hardly a fit subject for editorial comment—a fact which a number of our contemporaries have seemingly not yet realized. We were, however, given a new slant on the offending noun just recently, by a friend who stoutly contended that the word itself held a message of genuine worth to anybody who cared to ferret it out. Upon our enquiring mildly exactly what in sam hill this gentleman was talking about, he proceeded to write down the word, just as we show it here:

DEPRESSION

And there you are! And very neat, too, say we! And now, if press and public, friend and foe alike, insist upon

dinning the wretched word into our ears, or flaunting it before our eyes, we may at least console ourselves by paying particular attention to the only two syllables that matter, and PRESS ON to greater things that are certainly headed our way.

It occurs to us that, since the eliminated letters in the word are D, E and I, some brilliantly clever epigram might be concocted from all that we have written above. Something like "If you must say depression, never say DIE," or some such world-shattering slogan. Of course, the creation of such a sentence would be the merest child's play to us if more time were at our disposal, but as we are not a little late in getting to press this issue, we must leave the task with our readers. No prize.

Easy Money

Believe it or not, there's important money waiting at Eaton's for kibitzers who know their business!

Employees have seemingly forgotten all about the handsomely decorated five-dollar bill that the Store is at all times ready to pay for practicable suggestions that will improve the Company's operating efficiency, service and comfort. Members of the committees which pass judgment on these suggestions have reported to *Contacts* that a little matter of five scads is apparently nothing in the life of the Eaton employee, for out of an organization of five thousand odd people, the number of suggestions submitted is woefully small.

Suggestions must be deposited either in the Suggestion Box in the Time Office or left at the Superintendent's Office, Third Floor. The Superintendent's Office will acknowledge receipt of all suggestions received direct or through the box. Use no other channels.

All practicable suggestions received are submitted for judgment to the General or Merchandise Committees, and if adopted, payment is forwarded the employee immediately.

Translation

Under the heading, "Cetallok Sunzjiuken," we made comment in these columns in our last issue, upon some of the queer philological tangles which Eaton's interpreter is sometimes called upon to straighten out. Another sterling example of such work has been called to our attention, and we present it herewith, asking our readers to forgive what might appear to be too much repetition of the same subject.

FORU OLK 29 1922 32

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BLUORBRXWV.5LBFORPIN
TUTNORKUOTORTD FOR...
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OKE2T.23-D1817.36 33¢
PG19

2LP&RAITRDWIDD2,ORDER
WATQRRITANM&PAR
BK2TULOGANOTUNER0

The above is an accurate reproduction of an order which was recently received by the Mail Order from a Western customer. The Mail Order took a hasty glance, turned pale and shuddered, and passed it forthwith to the interpreter. This worthy gentleman is made of sterner stuff, long acquaintance with similar quaint efforts of expression having more or less hardened him against shock in this respect. He admits, nevertheless, that this particular specimen caused him a moment of extreme apprehension when he first saw it. Nothing daunted, however, he promptly went into his well-known trance, and in a surprisingly few days evolved the following "translation," or rather transcription from "Ukrainian" English to the Mail Order variety:

February 29th, 1932.

T. Eaton.

Please send me colors blue or brown, 5 lbs. for painting, tinting or coloring; or replace it by some other wash. Send some stuff for filling up holes—half pound or more.

Don't be scared. I have got money. I am not broke. Ship this C.O.D.

Send me a drill $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch, for iron and wood, 23-D1817, price 33c, page 19.

See parcel I return with the order, which I write on my paper. It is too long and too narrow.

Can you follow it?

Opportunity

In one of the Greek cities there stood a statue of which every trace has long since vanished, as is the case with most of these old masterpieces of genius. The inscription has been preserved, and as we read the words we can discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer by. It is in the form of a conversation between a traveller and the statue:

"What is thy name, O Statue?"

"I am called 'Opportunity'."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

The lesson is obvious. We do not see statues standing on the street corners to remind us of our opportunities, but we know that they come knocking at our door, and it is only he who by preparation is in readiness to open the door that can take advantage of the visit of opportunity. —W.D.

Concerning Coffee

We became morbidly interested in this widely accepted beverage recently, as the result of a diet on which we placed ourselves, one day a week, on nothing—nothing, mind you—but coffee. When you are on such intimate terms as this with a beverage, the inevitable result is that you find yourself asking all sorts of questions about it, and refuse to be comforted until they are answered to your satisfaction. (Incidentally, we stayed on this wretched diet for five weeks and gained exactly a quarter of a pound, so it is recommended only with pronounced reservations.) However—

And so, filled with questioning fire and six quarts of coffee, we went to what we were assured was Eaton's own fountain-head of information on that subject—Mr. W. H. Hall. And so, the present writing.

Coffee, it appears, is at least 1,000 years old, the word coming from the Arabic *qahway*, through the Turkish *kahveh*, being originally one of the names employed for wine in Arabic. It was first a food, then a wine, a medicine, and lastly a beverage—its use as such dating back at least 700 years. One legend ascribes the discovery of the drink to an Arabian herdsman, Kaldi, who complained to the abbot of a neighboring monastery that the goats confined to his care became strangely frolicsome after eating the berries of wild shrubs found near the feeding grounds. The abbot tried the berries on himself, and ordering the decoction served to his monks, who too often fell asleep over their nightly religious ceremonies. Thereafter the monks found no difficulty in keeping awake.

Once discovered, coffee sprang to instant popularity overnight, and even when its consumption was prohibited by law, as it was upon occasion in Cairo, Constantinople and other Eastern centres, it still continued to be offered for sale by surreptitious vendors and find plenty of buyers. So the next time that Miss Kelly or Emily start boasting about their Silex at the Snack Counter, you can tell them that

the great-grandfather of the present smart little corner was actually nothing but a Turkish speak-easy, and if that doesn't hold them—!

In any event, coffee soon made its way into Europe, and there is on record the story that because coffee drinking originated in Mohammedan lands, many churchmen in the 16th century were concerned about the propriety of permitting its use in Christendom, denouncing it as an invention of satan. Discussion arose, and the disputants appealed to Pope Clement VIII for a decision. The pope wisely decided to drink some before committing himself. After imbibing a steaming beaker, according to this much-quoted legend, the pope exclaimed: "Why, this satan's drink is so delicious that it would be a pity to let the infidels have exclusive use of it. Let us baptize it, and make it a truly Christian drink for ourselves!" This he did, and added the Church's seal of approval to the waxing popularity of the harmless and invigorating decoction.

The coffee shrub is an evergreen plant, and the fruit is a fleshy berry enclosing two seeds, or beans, each inside a thin, parchment-like skin. After the beans have been removed from the berry, they are dried and packed in bags or casks for shipment. At this stage they are a dark fern-green in color. About 60 per cent of all coffee today comes from Brazil, more than 20 per cent from other parts of South America, and 10 to 14 per cent from Central America, leaving only a comparatively trifling percentage for the remainder of the world. Mocha coffee belongs to this trifling percentage—coming from the Arabian province of Yemen—but it is one of the choicest of all coffees, held in universally high esteem.

And so, from all over the world, the coffee comes to Eaton's—over to the third floor of the Mail Order Building, and the kind ministrations of Mr. Hall and his satellites. First it is passed through a cleaning and milling machine which removes all foreign matter and gives a smooth finish. From this, the beans go into large revolving per-

forated steel cylinders, that are revolved at a high rate of speed around a strong flame. These cylinders are fitted with interior lateral ridges, which keep the beans constantly moving in order that they may not become scorched. The time of roasting varies in the neighborhood of thirty minutes. And finally, after roasting, it is ground—fresh every day—and presented to the customer.

The blending of coffee is done during the roasting process, the various beans being put into the roaster together, and so mixed during the whirling round the flame and in the subsequent grinding that absolutely uniformity of blend is assured. Mr. Hall demonstrated for us the underlying principles of blending by lining up for our examination no less than sixteen different varieties of coffee. He then made a cup from each of the sixteen, and we tasted each, Mr. Hall pointing out the different qualities as we went along. He then blended a cup—a few teaspoonfuls from several of the mixtures before us. The result was one of the finest cups of coffee which it has been our good fortune to encounter. Mr. Hall explained that to produce such a blend commercially, all that was necessary was to mix the various beans in the same proportions as had governed the mixture in the cup.

Playing Cards

Playing cards are such newcomers to Eaton's that we have hardly got the "feel" of them in our hands yet. *Contacts* despatched one of its highly-trained special investigators on the job of digging out whatever information he could on the question, "How Come Playing Cards?" and in practically no time, the little fellow came bouncing back with a fistful of intensely interesting and presumably accurate notes.

It appears that nobody really knows how cards originated. Some authorities claim they were invented by the

Court Jester for the amusement of Charles VI, an insane King of France. Others maintain just as stoutly that they were introduced into Spain by the Arabs who used them for purposes of divination—a quaint usage to which many still put them today.

It appears equally hard to discover in which European country they first made their appearance. They were known in Belgium in 1369, and came to Switzerland in 1377. It is usually held, however, they were originally used in Italy, and to Venice is usually accorded the right of parentage. The Venetian pack at the beginning of the fifteenth century consisted of 78 cards, 56 numerals and 22 emblematic cards. The numerals were of four suits, each consisting of four court cards, king, queen, chevalier and valet, and 10 cards numbered from one upwards. The emblematic cards appear to have survived from still older times, when they were used for divination, and were subsequently combined with the numeral cards. Such a pack was called a pack of tarots, probably from being tarote, or marked with diagonal crossings on the back. The emblematic cards were of higher value than the others and were called *atutti* *atouts* or trumps. These emblematic cards, however, soon disappeared from use, and the pack was reduced to 52 by the suppression of one of the court cards. While there have always been four suits of the numbered cards, there has been considerable variation of the signs employed. The earliest signs—cups, money, clubs and swords—are still found in the ordinary Italian and Spanish packs. The Germans at first used hearts, bells, leaves and acorns. In the fifteenth century the French adopted the present signs—spades, hearts, clubs and diamonds. The spade is the German sign of the leaf with the name *spada* of the corresponding Italian suit of swords. The club is an imitation German acorn, with the translated Italian name. The German heart has survived without change, while the bell has become altered to the diamond, originally of circular shape, but now square.

Angels of Mercy

We have just been taught a very bitter lesson. And from now on, once we've promised any department in the Store a "mention" in these columns, they're going to get it even if it means an extra page in the book.

As it so happened, we toddled down to the hospital some six weeks ago, looking for "copy," and were most graciously welcomed by Miss King and her satellites. We inspected the spotless, light-flooded "operating room" where these good people perform their daily work of mercy on the heads and toes and hands and tummies of the Store's lame, halt and blind. We were allowed a peek into the neat "wards" with their trim hospital cots, ready to receive and comfort the sick headaches of the organization—or perhaps we should say, those of the organization who contract sick headaches. There is a shade of difference! We saw the Chiropodist's Office—(are we justified in calling it a Dog Hospital?)—where expert care is dispensed to ailing feet. And we saw the completely equipped Dentist's Office, where Doctor Vroman presides every morning, taking X-ray photographs of troublesome teeth and otherwise locating sources of trouble—making extractions where necessary—and recommending such other work as appears necessary.

Now all these services are at the disposal of every Eaton employee—they are services of inestimable value to the individual who employs them—and are eminently worthy of all honorable reference in these stately columns. So we thought at the time, and so we assured the good people concerned. But as it so happened, pressure of material and pressure of time interfered, and last month's *Contacts* appeared without the hospital story, much to our own disappointment—and greatly to our own disturbance, as it ultimately turned out, for lo and behold on our next friendly call to the Seventh Floor institution just the other day, these

same "good people" ganged up on us and lured us with soft words into Dr. Vroman's chair, when he and they proceeded to detach us from two teeth which have been cherished possessions for many years, and to which, it turned out, we were very much attached.

However, we recognize the original fault as our own and are hereby hastening to make all amends, not only by printing this article immediately—but by going back to have more teeth out next week!

"IF"

CITY AD—"Where the Rudyards cease from
Kipling and the Haggards Ride no more!"

If you can sing of value in pianos
Priced at two thousand bucks or maybe three;
And highlight, tersely, every single style point
When writing of an egg that's graded "C";
If you can boil to fifty words, precisely,
Yet keep the gist of Gibbon's "Rise and Fall";
If you can write with ease a head and sub-head
That catch attention like a bugle call;
If you can guess the hidden, helpful meaning
Of "Rats" writ large across a galleyed ad;
If you can read the work of other writers
And tell at sight the good ones from the bad;
If you can plan two dozen window tickets
All guaranteed to charm the purse and eyes;
If you can write with ease two morning pages
And all through each refrain from cracking
wise;
If you can get six rewrites at five-thirty
And do them all and not be slightly huffed—
Don't hang around the Advertising Office,
Go to some near museum and be stuffed.

ON MODESTY

You may tell me that to be clothed is a result of modesty; on the contrary, modesty appears as the result of clothing. Standards imposed by white men bewilder the savage or primitive mind as to modesty. To illustrate this: In the "Life of Livingstone," the African explorer, it is related that an African chief had been instructed by Livingstone to clothe himself in the presence of white women. Much to the consternation of the white folks, he appeared, to his way of thinking, fully dressed in a tall silk hat and a pair of slippers. His idea of modesty was to cover his extremities—his head and his feet.

Rivers of Merchandise

"The Mail" is just a little bit of a mystery to a lot of us in "The City," if the truth were known. Hundreds of us have never been inside its portals—seldom give it a second glance as we pass. And even those of us who have made the subterranean journey under Graham Avenue, on some errand or another, are still largely in the dark as to what goes on all day in the two massive buildings across the way.

The writer was among those who had often wondered exactly "what made the wheels go 'round" over there, and when the opportunity presented itself of making an inspection from cellar to garret, we took up the offer with enthusiasm.

They took us directly to the Eighth Floor, and showed us "The Cage." This is the beginning of all things. Here the mail comes in—thousands of letters from every section of the West. Here these letters are sorted into bundles of 25 and run through the opener. F-f-f-t! That's all there is to it—f-f-f-t! And the 25 are neatly slit along the upper edge—rebundled, and passed along to the girls who open the order, check the amount against the

amount of cash enclosed and pass it on to the cashiers. The cash is detached and goes to the inner cage and eventually to the banks—the order goes on out into the great system.

First to the slicers—sure-fingered, quick-thinking young women who slice up the order, line by line, and paste the strips to order slips of our own—then on to addressers who type the destination on the familiar red-white-and-blue label—then to stampers who rubber-stamp the address label and slips with a series number that identifies each unit with every order, all through the system—and finally to girls who sort out the slips and route them to departments indicated.

The organization in a department is admirably shown in the illustration depicting Department 2 at work.. The orders come to the office, which may just be seen at the far end of the row. From there they go to clerks (to the *left* in picture), who fill the order, and pass it to the parcel-girls (right) who parcel up and drop the parcel on an endless conveyor-belt running underneath their table, and which carries it to yet another belt headed for the "Packing" Department.

From the department on, it's a case of "Belts—belts—belts—going up and coming back again"! Belts carry the parcels from department to packing—from packing to postage—belts that are never still—carrying an unending procession of parcels forward—restless Rivers of Merchandise.



"THE CAGE"

Showing staff opening and checking orders, and, to left, the registers.

CONTACTS



2 DEPARTMENT, MAIL ORDER

Showing clerks and parcel girls. The belt runs along under the "counters."

In the Packing Department the order is reassembled. Each separate parcel from any department bears on the outside the distinguishing series number which has been placed on it up on the Eighth Floor. In the Packing Department all parcels carrying the same number—units in the same order—are gathered together, parcelled, weighed, their weight marked, and placed on a conveyor belt. This carries them to the postage clerk who places the postage upon them—not stamps, of course, but postal receipts—and routes them through various chutes to the Post Office below.

And if anything were still required to impress the magnitude of Eaton's Mail Order business upon one, the Post Office and Express Office will certainly fill the bill. In the Post Office your first impression is of rows and rows of open-mouthed bags—the familiar red and white mail bags—hung in banks on racks. Actually there are more than a thousand of them, covering the entire southern end of Unit 2. Parcels come from the postage clerk on the floor above to an alert gentleman who sits in a sort of watch tower, centrally situated. Away from him, in all directions run chutes, terminating in front of a bank of mail bags. A parcel drops to the gentleman in the watch tower. He glances at its destination and flips it over to the chute indicated. At the bottom, eager hands seize it and with unerring aim throw it into the proper bag. And then, except for delivery to

the train—Eaton's is through with it. The order has been received—filled—despatched—and speeds on its way to another satisfied customer.

ELEGY TO THE DAY

M.O.B. 2—Third Floor

Dismissal gong, well heeded, dies away,
The aisles soon fill with workers homeward bound;
No weary plodders here their cares display,
But smiles and brightness rather do abound.

The youngsters trip, renewed and debonair,
Anticipating hours of pleasure free from care;
With friendly jostling almost rough in fun,
And maybe just a squeeze upon the stair.

The older folk more soberly depart,
Feet that once marched now show the weight of years;
But children, wife, a home that's full of love
Give strength and spirit banishing his fears.

A lowly figure moves across the floor,
Earning his bread, nor scornful of the way;
Air castles gone forever from his ken,
He cleans away the debris of the day.

Lights are dimmed swiftly till no glow remains,
Motors are stilled, conveyors duly stop,
The "special" man departs, remembering naught,
But that work starts anew at eight o'clock.

REWARD

—for information leading to the discovery of the individual who first named The Hargrave Accessory Shop "The House of David." Also suitable reward for the individual himself.

PRIZE WINNERS

In Contacts' "Selling the University Student" Contest

Last month we announced a contest for Eaton employees, offering prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the best 300-word letter on the subject: "The Approach I Would Use—The Price Range I Would Suggest—The Selling Points I Would Stress—And the Advertising Methods I Would Recommend—in Selling the Merchandise at My Counter to a Student from the Provincial Universities Student Body."

The response to this contest was not as large as expected—though the subject was one supposedly of interest to all salespeople, and the prize money not unimportant. The entries submitted, however, were on the whole very good, and in many cases showed an interest in the subject of selling—a knowledge of Eaton merchandise—powers of observation—and reasoning ability.

The prize-winning letters are reproduced herewith.

FIRST PRIZE OF \$25.00

By KENNETH H. MCGAW, DEPT. 101, No. 118

Students who have spent all their lives at school have two characteristics. Firstly, their minds are receptive to information which interests them; and secondly, they are proud of, sometimes vain, about their station in life. Bearing in mind these characteristics throughout the interview will aid you in discerning the points of least sales resistance in your student customer.

Unconsciously, he intimates the article which interests him. When your services are required, be ready with a pleasant, sincere, and intelligent remark anent this line. Then find what is wanted.

Show your prospect the various lines, and with his help choose the one most adaptable with respect to price. If you begin to stress selling points of ten-dollar articles when there's only five dollars to spend, you may discourage him from buying, or make him dissatisfied with what his means permit.

Usually the article with moderate pricing is selected. Since time immemorial the expression "best for the money" has been the basis of sales talk. Give the student credit for ability to decide this. Instead, if it's a club, tell him something of the balance, face elevation, grip, quality of material, and choose for him a club that has some unusual feature if possible. Ask him where he has trouble on the course and show him how to avoid it. Study your job from the sportman's standpoint and know of what you speak.

Advertising to attract the attention of students must incite curiosity. Student publications are not read for the advertising matter as are newspapers. Primarily, there must be something attractive and uncommon. A unique cut will suit this purpose if it contains action. The element of curiosity may be further fostered by suggesting qualities to look for in Eaton Guaranteed Golf Supplies.

SECOND PRIZE, \$15.00

By J. STELLA RICHARDSON, DEPT. 238, No. 23

The Approach—

Clerk, making contact with a smile—"Aren't these gorgeous shades?"

Co-ed—"Rather! I had decided to get a green, but when I see all these glorious colors, I don't know what to get."

Clerk—"May I ask to what purpose you are putting the fabric?"

Co-ed—"Yes, I want a dress for school. Do you think this will stand the gaff?"

Clerk—"Well, yes, for a while, but let me show you something more substantial."

Co-ed—"Oh, don't show me anything more expensive!"

Clerk, ignoring latter statement leads customer over to higher-grade merchandise—"Have you seen our Fashion Show, etc?"

* * *

The Selling Points to Stress—

Co-ed—"What marvellous material! Are these the new shades?"

Clerk—"Yes, this one is Goupy's Ravens Blue. You will find this quality wears exceptionally well. It is a pure dye and every thread silk. Shall we take these to the mirror where I could drape them on you?"

Co-ed—"But I couldn't possibly afford \$1.85 yard. Father has put me on an allowance, and I simply must economize."

Clerk—"Then that is the very reason why I would suggest you buy the better grade. For these reasons: This quality will stand real hard wear and at the same time keep its rich appearance and retain its distinctive color." (While customer is cogitating over colors, clerk brings another blue.)

Co-ed—"That's a smart shade!"

Clerk—"Yes, it is Patou's new blue, and comes first for Spring."

* * *

The Price Range—

Co-ed—"I do like that, but \$2.50 a yard is too much."

Clerk—"You say you must economize. May I make a suggestion that you have a very plain suit of Patou's blue, which, with a few smart supplements, you could create two or three costumes."

Co-ed—"That's an idea, too. How much would I need for a suit? Alright. Send me out five yards of the \$2.50. Thank you, etc."

CONTACTS

Advertising Methods Suggested for the Silk Department—

I suggest a sign or show card similar to the slate idea, but, of course, conventionalized and carried out as attractively as possible, on which could be posted daily or weekly, as seen fit, Paris' latest for the making up of the different types of fabrics. These should be hung or placed in their respective sections of the department. Something as brief and to the point as possible and sketched by an expert (a rough suggestion sketch was enclosed with Miss Richardson's entry).

THIRD PRIZE, \$10.00

By H. S. ROSSEBO, DEPT. 214, No. 39

The Approach I Would Use—

If, "How are you?" fails to make the contact, I shall bring out a white pullover: "Here is a new English cablestitch pullover that I am certain you will like to have a look at." A clear statement results: "A pullover for everyday use? Thanks."

Sensing that the customer is still a little distant, I shall use my (vanity) tape-line: "My! 38 inches—some chest you have got, no waterlogged tissues around these shoulders—all solid muscles—you play rugby?"—the customer is a track and field athlete—and we discuss the intricate technique of throwing the discus and "topping the timbers" till the transaction is terminated.

* * *

The Price Range I Would Suggest—

I never suggest price—instead I should start showing the higher grade pullovers. The customer will ask: "How much?"—\$10.00, \$9.50, \$7.50. "About \$2.50 to \$3.00 is all I intend to spend," states the customer. My job as a salesman will therefore be to sell him one at \$3.95.

Prize-winners' Cheques Will Be Forwarded Immediately.

HONORABLE MENTION

MISS DORIS NEWTON, 101, 89

Nearly five thousand students attend affiliated colleges in Winnipeg, and spend approximately four million dollars yearly. Moreover, the students' buying power increases more rapidly, relatively, than that of any other class.

A salesman will do well to know that a student's business is to know deductions. He may be reserved but is receptive with regard to information. Probably more than anyone, the student likes the unusual greeting. Be casual, but not careless about it, and keep his interest on what he is inspecting at your stand rather than upon the weather, etc. Idle talk was introduced in selling to get the prospect to agree with you on a point. The same idea can be carried out using your line of merchandise.

When your student customer states his requirement, let him choose his own line with

The Selling Points I Would Stress—

I would first show the customer a pullover at \$2.95 made from hard, coarse worsted, having sewn-on rib-elastic bottom and cuffs. Against that background I would stress these points:

(1) A soft botany wool garment is lighter in weight, yet warmer and more comfortable—it is more elastic and won't hamper the movements while playing golf or tennis. I might stress the fastness of color depending on what shade the customer seemed to favor. (2) I would show how the \$3.95 had fashioned bottom and cuffs, the body made in one piece, making it a perfect fitting garment. (3) I would also stress the newness and smartness of the honeycomb stitch, giving the garment an added touch of collegiate style, such as had been seen in knitted garments worn at Princeton. (4) As a finish I might have to point out the superior workmanship, such as flattened and cover-sewn seams, precision in cutting and joining the shoulders, etc.

* * *

The Advertising Methods I Would Recommend—

Students might be working their way through college; they might have borrowed the capital necessary; they might come from wealthy homes. The features they are looking for might be very different—but they are all young, open-minded, ready to look at and listen to anything new. They have all a certain amount of vanity—want to be "collegiate-style" dressed. They like things striking and original. The written words are more apt to be appreciated and hold the attention if chained together rhythmically, even if it sometimes might sound a little too superfine for the common person.

On the above mentioned general characteristics and likes, I should build my ad when appealing to student-customers, rather than on quality and merit of the merchandise.

respect to his means, but always bear in mind that the near future will find him with increased buying power. Be sure to satisfy him and to give value.

Selecting lines and selling merge to a great extent. But selling points in golf supplies are more than sufficient. Balance, length and grip of shaft, material, finish elevation of club face, and uses, are prominent. Then, too, know the game. Enquire concerning your prospects difficulties. Show him a club, and how to use it, which will improve his game.

Attention and curiosity are the factors to deal with in advertising for students. Get attention by a cut overflowing with action, and incite curiosity by suggesting points to look for when inspecting Eaton merchandise. Relatively inexpensive advertising in college papers will place Eaton's more forcefully before the eyes of students than will extensive newspaper advertisements.

THE STUDENTS' VIEWPOINT

*What the Student Body is Really Looking For—
as Revealed in Prize-Winning Letters*

While Eaton employees were chewing their pencils and burning the midnight oil endeavoring to cook up a suitable 300-word answer to *Contacts*' "Selling the Student" Contest—the University students were themselves undergoing a certain amount of mental anguish in connection with a contest which the Store held for *them*. This contest was open to all students at the University of Manitoba, and required that the entrant submit a 300-word letter on the subject, "The Merchandise I Want to Buy—the Price I Wish to Pay—and the Service I Expect—When I Shop at Eaton's." The same prize money was offered as in our own contest—\$25, \$15, and \$10.

The answers received constitute a wonderful fund of information for Sales Departments—giving, as they do, a wonderfully accurate outline as to what the student is actually thinking and looking for when he or she comes a-buying.

We reproduce herewith the three prize-winning entries.

FIRST PRIZE

By MISS G. L. HIEBERT

I shop for my appearance at Eaton's with few illusions about it and endless theories. I know quite well that I have not the attenuated silhouette of a plate in "Vogue," and that this side of heaven I shall achieve neither the picturesque nor the gamin, but I do believe that somewhere between lace frills and the gigolo suit I can reach a certain individual smartness. I have learned to expect Eaton's help in reaching it. I look for frocks on clear-cut sporting lines, distinctive in fine details of cut and finish rather than in striking ornament or color. Hats must be swagger and undramatic, and shoes and gloves plain and impeccably correct.

But if I expect to get precisely the clothes I want at Eaton's, I also expect my budget to balance once I have them. Prices may run from ten dollars for a sweater and skirt that will have a fountain pen and a French notebook as accessories, to thirty-five for an evening frock (since an evening dress, after all, is an event). I plan to spend six dollars for a sport hat and ten for a dressy one, ten for shoes, and three for gloves, leaving details of bags and scarves unbudgeted in the assurance that I shall get sound advice and value for whatever odd dollars I may have left over.

I expect service sympathetic to my budget, whether I am looking at Import Room frocks or marked-down berets, and sympathetic to my particular needs. The annoyance of having a perky tricorne urged on me as very new, when under it I look like a lost generation, is not a discouraging possibility at Eaton's. I can expect my salesgirl to have not only a ubiquitous ear for what is new, but a discriminating eye for what is becoming as well, to have good taste and a feeling for harmonies of color and line, and to make suggestions in consideration of me and not of the latest sensation from Schiaparelli.

Then let an Eaton girl give me a smooth, deep finger wave, and an Eaton expert blend my make-up to the last degree of accuracy, and I can face Easter, Convocation or a prospective employer neither exotically nor daringly but feeling very comfortably—and smartly—myself.

SECOND PRIZE

By SAM SHEPS

The Merchandise I Want to Buy—

The paramount requisite in any merchandise I want to buy, and expect to get at Eaton's, is quality. There must be quality, that attribute which immediately labels a suit of clothes as Saville Row, rather than "fordized."

There must be quality in every respect. There must be that quality of material which distinguishes the less obtrusive genuine as being far superior to the flashy imitation. There must be quality of workmanship, that individuality and skill recognizable in the masterpiece. There must be that quality in the style, of being just in advance of the times, but well within the bounds of good taste.

* * *

The Price I Wish to Pay—

I really should conform to all the dictates of patent budget plans, but, if I expect, at all, to get quality in the merchandise I buy, I expect to be prepared to meet the price. Naturally I would not, and could not, pay an exorbitantly high price for any merchandise, no matter how much quality there was in the article. Of course, a seemingly stiff price, in return for an article high in quality, is much more reasonable than a low price for a cheap article. A moderate expenditure in relationship to the amount of quality I receive would be the price I wish to pay when I shop at Eaton's.

* * *

The Service I Expect When I Shop at Eaton's—

Just as I want quality in the merchandise so do I expect quality in the service. I should expect to be served by a clerk with sufficient intelligence to treat me as though I had some myself. Any clerk who, through lack of knowledge in the fundamentals of the merchandise he is selling, or through deliberate lack of interest, attempts to sell to the customer any article that is screamingly ill suited is deserving of capital punishment.

THIRD PRIZE

BY BEN BOOKHALTER

The Merchandise I Want to Buy—

It is a common saying in these modern days that "the clothes make the man." Naturally every student wants to appear as a perfect "man" and buys his clothing and merchandise with that idea. I am of the same attitude, I want my clothes to have that collegiate finish to them. Something swanky yet not shicky and common looking. When I walk down the street I want everyone to say, "Oh, yes, he must be a college man, look how he dresses." Harmony between my clothes is essential, and I like them to have a sporty appearance. Good quality is as important as good style and, if such, improves the appearance of the garment 100 per cent.

The Price I Wish to Pay—

The war cry "Hard Times" is being wrongly interpreted in the purchasing of merchandise. In view of the fact that we are facing financial difficulties, we should purchase merchandise of the best quality, irrespective of price. Then we may expect satisfaction and service. A well-planned budget for a student's apparel might look like this: Suit, \$25.00 to \$35.00; hat, \$5.00 to \$10.00; coat, \$25.00 to \$35.00; shoes, \$5.00 to \$10.00; shirts, \$1.95 to \$2.50; socks, 75 cents to \$1.50.

The Service I Expect When I Shop at Eaton's—

The sales clerk who appeals to me is one who secures the idea of my desires at once, and is ready to give me the benefit of his experience in the line of merchandise I am interested in. He should be of a medium age and understand the kind of clothes that is becoming to a man of my size and type. He should be very suggestive and give me the opportunity of trying various styles and shades of the clothing I enquire for. I admire the clerk who tells me straight in the face, "No, sir, that does not suit you, this will be much better."

HONORABLE MENTION

I let my mother buy the sheets between which I sleep, the chairs upon which I sit, the table at which I eat. But I demand the sole right to choose the clothes I wear and the books I read. These, then, form the bulk of the purchases I make at Eaton's. Clothes include everything I wear, from the shirts and trunks which come closest to my skin, to the ties which form the final "coup d'elegance" to my ensemble. Books include the Edgar Wallace hair-raisers, which scare me of a Winter's night, to the latest treatise or abnormal Psychology and its Relation to the Dissociation of the Personality.

What price do I expect to pay? As for books, there is no limit either down or up. If I want a book, if I feel that it will benefit me, I buy that book. If I don't want it, if I feel that it is unnecessary to my mental development, or deficient in entertainment value, no "bargain price" will induce me to purchase it. But in clothes it's different. I have adopted the policy of having two outfits, each more or

less complete. The first outfit consists of the clothes I wear each day. I buy these clothes more for serviceability than style, more for comfort than class. The suit is one that will wear, rather than one which will lead me to be pointed out as the best dressed man on the campus; the shirts are of substantial material, rather than sheer things which are delightful to the touch. And so it goes. My other outfit, the clothes I wear to dinners, dances, etc., are chosen for style rather than material, for beauty rather than durability. So that I may not look like a beau brummel at school—but neither do I look like hobo Harry at a dance.

The service I expect is a negative rather than a positive one. The employee who attends me must be less a salesman than as assistant in my making my choice. As such he must be fully informed, frank and courteous. He must align himself with me rather than with the store, whose main object is of necessity to make a sale, believing then in so doing he will make the sale for the store and thus reconcile his two duties. And as I detest effrontery, so I abhor deference. He must not be afraid to tell me that my own judgment does not coincide with his, and advance reasons why I should choose his suggestion.

To establish confidence in himself, to reveal himself as an assistant whose first duty is to outfit me properly, to use his greater knowledge to supplement mine, is the paramount duty of the salesman. Business will follow as surely as sunshine follows rain.

* * *

The Merchandise I Want to Buy? The question you may ask, but the answer for the Modern Eve is by no means any task. It's clothes I want, both smart and gay, that have that Paris look, with slimming lines, diagonal cuts—like in Vogue's fashion book. And Eaton's have that certain line, that snug and comfy fit; if clothes have personality, then Eaton's sure have "IT." I want the latest colors, the gayest shades and hues, the kind you see in Paris on her boulevards and rues. And shoes must have that something that put them in a class, where others go unnoticed when once they're seen to pass. Hats must look quite "scrummy" and have a flirting tilt that makes their price look golden when you know it's only gilt. Which brings me to the next part, *the Price I Wish to Pay*. Which question has a serious air, especially today. With stocks gone down and prices up and pocket books quite flat, I want the best each cent can buy, be it undies or a hat. Eaton's, from experience, I've found the town's best bet for dressing like a princess but keeping out of debt. And now *the Service I Expect* when shopping I do trip. Well, first I like a courteous clerk, no sneer upon her lip. She must be patient, frank and smart, and know her line of work. She shouldn't be a smarty or greet you with a smirk. In fact, a perfect lady would be my choice of clerk. Only in this single instance does Eaton's fail to reach the mark. For it couldn't find the women with the qualities I pen, so it filled up its departments with some perfect gentlemen.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

205—

We hope that by the time this appears in print that Miss Bragg and Miss Grant will have completely recovered and be back with us again.

The three B's—Blondes, Brunettes and Buttons.

We feel quite confident that no one will ever kidnap our Lindberg, although we all think she is some baby. Those who heard her scream the other day when she saw a mouse will confirm this statement. Jean Tod and Dot Jeffery can tell us a little story about a mouse too.

It's terrible to be Irish. Irishmen are noted for their tempers, and if there are two things that get Mr. Millar's "goat" one is a colored man wearing a green ribbon on St. Patrick's Day, and the other is when Molly Chechik says she is going to "get her Irish up." Oh, well Irish will be Irish.

Mr. Williams admits of his great weakness for song. His latest Sunday morning song being "A Hunting We Will Go." "Keatings" accompanying at the piano.

The prices on corn may be lowered owing to the fact that Ruby can grow such a good crop. We are hoping that her "appointment" will fix her up O.K.

There was a "Church Organ Tramp" held lately, but we are afraid that the purchasing of the instrument will have to be postponed until a certain party makes his donation.

We understand that Mr. Millar is going on an eighteen-day diet, the reason being that he is envious of a certain party's slender limbs. Well, Fern, that doesn't mean that all who have canary's legs can sing.

We have a new diamond in the department. Congratulation on the fast work, Gouldie.

Now that the highway and byway is clear of snow, Mary and Sid will be seen out in the coupe.

214—

Surprise party! quoth about twenty-five or thirty boisterous voices in simultaneous discord. The party was on "Mac." The "unaware Mac" who really seemed surprised. We all met at the corner of Broadway and Sherbrook. Everyone was on time, that is all but "Fair Aggie," who usually holds up the crowd. We then proceeded in a body to the scene of enjoyment. Buzz went the buzzer and in we tripped gaily, and the party was on. It was bridge and dancing, but the most important part was eats. You know we could enlarge on this but space does not permit. We had a John McCormack in our midst, but wait, would a Scotchman care to be likened to an Irishman? We'll let that go. Campbell Walker, our burly Scot, much to the surprise of all, rendered very effectively the "Trumpeter," and due to continuous applause

was forced to give another number. Reid was the able pianist, and then came Burke with his crooning voice, who with Kay performed a very effective dance. McKechnie tickled the ivories remarkably well, and it was duly appreciated. Jimmie Orr, as the usual, was the Court Jester and kept the party in fits, even in the most serious moments. A few hours after midnight we managed to drag ourselves away and wend our weary way home, tired but perfectly happy.

220—

It Is Rumored—

That G.W. was much chagrined one morning while putting a rug over the engine of his car, when a small boy standing near by yelled, "Never mind hiding it, I saw it."

That Francis, who lighthousekeeps, found a message on his breakfast egg, written by a Danish girl, saying she would marry the man who ate it. But when he wrote to her address he found she had been dead for two years.

That Henry made the remark to Charlie, "Did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?" Charlie said, "Careful, Henry, no man ought to speak like that about his wife."

That Bob S., in quest of information, said to Bill A., "What's the difference between vision and sight?" Bill replied seriously, "Well, you can call a girl a vision but never a sight."

That Walter uses shortening on his hair so he wont have to cut it.

That B. H. McG. was sitting behind a fat man in the theatre, when the man turned and said, "Can you see?" Mc replied, "Not a thing." F.M., "Then keep your eye on me and laugh when I do."

That Jimmy answered an ad in the paper, "Want easy work at big pay." And received a letter by return mail, "So do we."

One of the latest manoeuvres of the world-famed hockey teams, Shuehorns and Sizesticks, was their meeting at the Amphitheatre rink, engaged in a gruelling game of broom ball, on February 23rd. "Frenchy" Cayer, the stellar forward of the Shuehorns, found a stonewall defense in the person of "Hook Arm" Anderson, the lanky upset of the Sizesticks. "Frenchy" endeavored to carry the ball down the ice, and was sure hot stuff until he came to "Hook Arm," when the smoke cleared they were both sitting on the ice glaring at each other and the ball away in the corner. The game was packed with thrills and spills. "Tiny" Sims, goaltender for the Shuehorns, put over a fast one when he borrowed a pair of size 12 felt boots from "Dinty" Moore, which were almost as big as "Tiny" himself, which almost filled the goal and keeping the Sizesticks from scoring. "Flannel Foot" Chatwin was always

dangerous. The game finished with no score. Much fun was enjoyed by all.

Three weeks ago saw finis written to the schedule of these two teams, only a callous or two separating them.

225—

A TALE OF TWO NICKLES

When Greek meets Greek, things are bad; but when one Scotchman meets a fellow countryman, something is bound to happen.

It happened thus: Sandy McZilch, a zealous salesman of 225 Dept., was outplayed at his own game by the canniest of Scots, who was doing his share to chase depression by buying 15 cents worth of brass stripping.

Sandy, in his ecstasy of joy at the thought of his first sale of the day, leaped nimbly over a pile of cocoa mats and several pieces of linoleum in his mad rush to close the deal. What joy! Sandy made the sale, but our canny friend from Aberdeen had yet to pay his part. After McZilch had tenderly kissed his client and led him to the elevator, Sandy received the rudest of shocks.

Imagine his embarrassment, when he couldn't even light a "Murad," when the Cash Office advised him that one large nickle and one small nickle did not total 15 cents.

We have it on good authority that McZilch feels almost as bad as he did when he accidentally swallowed the 3-penny piece.

226—

We stand corrected.

After our anonymous correspondent's noble crusading effort of last month we can gracefully do little else. But we must confess to certain mental reservations. First we decline the offer to conform to the school of ballyhoo looked upon with such favor; it has never been our desire to speak loudly nor lengthily. We, too, apologise to the proletariat if at any time we seem to lack lucidity, and humbly make amends by offering to supply on application the names of the four comprising the oracle, any one of whom is highly capable and, we feel sure, willing to explain the more subtle points. We regret this slur cast upon the intelligence of our associates by the "oracle," and we shall henceforth consider it our privilege to prove it untrue. In passing we would like to say that we shall cherish as a tender memory the fact that the combined mental machinery of four of our gifted associates contributed to the fore-mentioned effort; that such an array of brilliance was found necessary in its preparation is not a little flattering.

Hats off to the unquenchable spirit of optimism displayed by our decorator associate, who carried around a handful of blank cheques all evening during our recent courtesy night.

One of our staff, who requests the protection of the press, tells us of a heart-rending experience. In a commendable effort to be sociable he had just informed a fair customer that, "This here curtain is what you need, dearie." When she turned on him frigidly saying, "I

don't trust you, sir." Our sympathies go out to him in his distress.

We worked very hard this month to obtain an interview with Mr. William J. Linton for an article on "Secrets of Success," but owing to the pressure of business he could not spare us the time. We are still very hopeful of being able to include this stirring paean of industry rewarded in our May issue.

229—

On March 5th the band of the Winnipeg Sea Cadets, under the direction of bandmaster Lieutenant J. P. O'Donnell, entertained our patrons in the Grill for two hours.

The stirring music dispensed by the thirty-five young stalwarts was something to be remembered and was enjoyed by everyone there. The boys were our guests afterwards at luncheon, and we believe they will be here again soon.

We are sorry to lose one of our dietitians, who was in charge of our Spanish Coffee Court. Miss Vera McFadyen left us to be married and go to Regina where she is making her home.

We wish to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron our very best wishes for all happiness.

230—

Mr. Ham, instead of attending the Jubilee at Hamburg, he went to Steak a claim at Windsor, together with his Club mate, Sir Loin Steak. Believe me these Kidneys were no Tenderloin (Fresh or Larded). By their Smoked Jowls, Bung Backs and Whole Shanks they were Regular Hams. From Shank Centre they took a short cut on to the Sweet Clover Side of Gold Eye Lake. By this Shortening they saved their Legs and Loins, which gave them good Heart. They camped that night on the Shamrock side of Halibut Creek. A feed of Dry Salt Pork tasted like Sweetbreads and put some Fat on their Spare Ribs, and all this was done with the missing twenty-five cents.

The T. Eaton Co. Limited Meat Dept. Bowling Club held a very enjoyable Court Whist party at the home of Miss E. Gammon, Maryland St. Prizes for whist were won by Kay Bodley, Marjorie Yates, Gerry Hill and John Martin. Bowling prizes were also presented winning team, Kraker Jacks—A. Dunn, Clara Horton, N. Bodley, Viola Parry and H. Pink. Highest scores—Midge Marshall and W. Harrison. Consolation—Florence Lowe and L. Black. Balance of evening was spent in dancing, music being supplied by Gordon Smith and his orchestra. The guests included: Mrs. Mainer, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. G. Mainer, Mr. and Mrs. L. Black, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hamilton. Misses C. Horton, I. Edwards, M. Reid, D. Faragher, S. Gravenor, M. Yates, V. Parry, K. Bodley, E. McCaider, R. Campbell, M. Smith, M. Marshall, F. Lowe, S. Hillis, B. Gould, L. Mainer, R. Mainer, V. Mainer, M. Mainer and E. Gammon. Messrs. A. Dunn, N. Bodley, L. Kirbyson, G. Nesbitt, J. Burgess, H. Pink, H. Croft, B. Dunn, B. Robinson, J. Martin, G. Owens, A. Thorogood, W. Puxty, A. Watkins, L. Wood, Tiny Asselstine, G. Smith, G. Hill, J. Bratton and J. Roberts.

236—

Hello, everybody!

This is our first appearance on the air and we are enjoying the experience.

We wish to invite all our listeners to visit the studio of this station, situated on the second floor, Donald and Graham. Helpful hints for gifts, prizes, bottom drawers and personal uses are everywhere displayed.

Our "Spotlight Feature" of February, held too late for the last broadcast, was a toboggan party at River Park. No accidents to report, but four of the crew were missing for some time. They say they lost their way—well, maybe they did! Supper was waiting for us at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Aker, and did we eat? Oh, boy!

Invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Shaw, Mr. J. Blair, Mr. R. Bogart and Mr. Wally.

For the benefit of the gentleman who received a proposal on February 29th, we have been asked to announce that M.B. prefers gloves in the fawn shade, size 6½.

Are you listening in, Mr. Shaw? The staff of this studio extend their best wishes to you and Mrs. Shaw for a very pleasant trip.

We have a boil-proof crochet cotton, but when we are asked for "hard boiled" crochet cotton, what can we say?

Address all mail for Mabel to Car 57, W.E. Co., as she has moved in order to punch in at 8.20 a.m. each morning.

Listeners! We ask your help to solve a problem. Do natural waves appear and disappear as the seasons change? Address all answers to Mr. N. care of this station.

There must be an attraction in 211 now, as some of our staff have been seen helping around 5.30. How about it, Wools?

That's all!

Hope you listen in for our next broadcast.

They are pushing us off the air, goodbye, everybody!

270—

There seems to be a nigger in 270's woodpile somewhere. Mr. Jackson returned to work, after an absence of five weeks, only to have Mr. Collette take ill a few days before his return. Mr. Collette has been away now for four weeks, and we sincerely hope his recovery and return to work will be speedy.

Social gatherings have had a strong innings in the last few weeks in our department. The girls had two "hen parties," held at the homes of Miss M. McInnes and Miss F. McKinnon respectively. These were followed by a skating party, for the whole department, at the Stadium rink, returning to the home of Miss I. Neil for refreshments. Musical numbers were given by Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Carter to the enjoyment of everyone. The remainder of the evening was spent in games.

One of the big reasons why the Store defeated the Mail in the last hockey game is

found in 270. This is Jack Hanna, who played goal for the Store. Jack turned in a first-class performance and well deserves the congratulations of everyone.

Tentative feelers were put out in the department regarding a night of curling, and so enthusiastic were the responses that we hope the event will soon take place.

We understand that bridge has taken quite a hold on some of our members. No doubt another bridge team is in the making.

Three of our boys came in one Saturday morning, lately, looking a little groggy. Our suspicions were aroused, but on tracing their movements we found they had been helping the window trimmers the night before and had worked till the wee hours of the morning.

Basement Brevities—

An event of the most profound importance in the life of at least one of our "Underworld Dwellers"—Mr. Freddy Wallace, took place no longer back than Good Friday afternoon.

Yep! Freddy went and "jumped off the dock" and is now a full-fledged benedict. "To heck with the expense!" said Freddy, and, dusting off his wallet, went right forward with grim determination in his eye.

The (p)lucky bride was Miss Bella Fraser, a colleen straight from the emerald sod of old Erin. All happiness to the pair o' them!

"Doc" Little, of Brandon, made a quick trip to the city recently, and on finding the patient doing nicely hurried back again.

Wally continues to take a tall interest in someone upstairs. We are wondering?

Mr. Harrison has been having a tough time, but we trust he is on the road to a complete recovery.

Glad to report that Eileen is back with us again.

THE HOPE INDOMITABLE

King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong or any labor failed:
"Tomorrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall
roll,

Tomorrows fresh shall rise from out the night
And new-baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquered till he yields.
And yield he need not while, like mist from
glass,

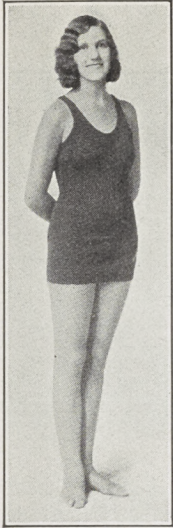
God wipes the strain of life's old battlefields
From every morning that he brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed. What's yesterday
With all its shards and wrack and grief to thee?
Forget it, then—here lies the victor's way.

—Anonymous.

EXPENSE NEWS

105, 106A—



Ready! Go! Splash!
The ladies' Manitoba 50 yards championship is under way. Down the right side of the tank—someone forges ahead—who is it?

Vera Tustin. Vera certainly has been a credit to the swimming clubs of Winnipeg. Championships came to her back in 1925, when she first won the girls' Manitoba championship. From that time on winning races and breaking records became a habit. At present she holds all the records for Manitoba.

1927 and 1928 were very successful to Vera. She set new Canadian marks for the 50 and 100 yards and was one of the three to lower the time

for the 440. Due to sickness and poisoning, she was out of actual competition for nearly a year, but the form and speed displayed in the last gala convinces us that she is rapidly striking her real form again.

We were really surprised when we heard of Vera turning her attentions to diving. In the Manitoba championships, held at the Winter Club, Vera obtained second place. So from now on we expect to see some real competition in diving. We all wish you success, Vera, in all swimming and diving competitions of the future.

159, 167, 173—

Miss Doris Shaw, Dept. 159, has decided to give up her single blessedness for wedded bliss, the wedding took place on March 24th. We wish her every happiness.

Miss Kay Cummings, Dept. 159, entertained at the Blue Kitchen, on Monday, March 7th, in honor of Miss D. Shaw.

Miss Jean Brown, Mrs. Jack Cooney Nee and Miss L. Anderson were joint hostesses at a towel shower on Monday, March 14th, in honor of Miss D. Shaw.

Miss Doris Kritzer entertained the 167 Bridge Club on Thursday, March 10th. First prize being won by Miss F. Irwin; consolation by Miss D. Ross.

Tut, tut, it just seems as though we can't get a write-up without announcing an engagement. Miss Gladys Cherrett walked into the department the other morning with a brand new diamond and nearly took our breath away. Keep up the good work, girls.

Miss R. Dawson and Miss C. Cromwell, Dept. 173, were joint hostesses on Friday, March 18th, at a shower in honor of Miss Doris Shaw.

—E. White.

160, 163—

Glad to see Mary Waddington's cheery countenance back again after her illness. Long health, Mary. . . . Our Clarence Whitfield is the ideal boy to look after the mailing lists—as a matter of fact, his own list, as carried in his little black book, is a profoundly interesting matter. . . . Bob McConkey has moved again (unaided), but in spite of the money he saves this way, Bob still finds it necessary to ride to work in this—er—chartered cars. . . . We miss John David, but he has left us in a good cause. . . . What a capable package our Ivy Morris is! What with her choir activities and judging of "Dressmaking Contests," she still finds time to worship at the thrones of Lenz and Culbertson. . . . And Sadie Grant still seems never without a transfer!

MAIL ORDERS

19—

You have heard of beginner's luck, but what do you think of this? All the ambitious ones of us went bowling recently, and Marjorie Piper made her first appearance on a bowling alley and made a score of 226. Five strikes in succession, can you beat it? I might add for comparison that my score for the same game was 60.

We really do think that Les knocks down everything but the "four pin" with his first ball just to show the rest of us how easy it is to pick it off with the second.

We also think that Nellie's curve is wasted on the alley. She should be in big league baseball.

* * *

To who ever was responsible for the Fashion Show we offer our sincere thanks, it certainly was appreciated. The point is now to cut or not to cut our hair. My, it took a lot of patience to grow out that shingle. Oh, well, to the barbers we must go. He has to make a living.

—I.L.C.

Here and There—

Mr. James Spratt, of the Dispensary (206), is the latest to start studying Dr. Holt's well-known "Care and Feeding of Children." The prize package was a healthy son and has been named Samuel Robert. . . . A visitor, all the way from Montreal, dropped into 230 the day before he had to return to the Big Town and asked the Merry Butchers to put up two of their best steaks, one turkey and a dozen nice goldeyes for him to take home with him. Nice tribute. . . . The merry cackle with which Bruce Sutherland rent the silence, when approached by Mesdames Nott and Hutchison on Leap Year Day, nearly stopped the show. . . . Spring fever has hit certain members of 224 with a craze for dieting (of all departments). . . . 248 is looking forward to the return of Mr. Salton, from foreign parts, about the 5th of April. Mr. Oberholzer, of the same department, hopped off the dock on March 26th and married Miss E. Harkness, of Melbourne, Man. Good luck!

CONTACTS

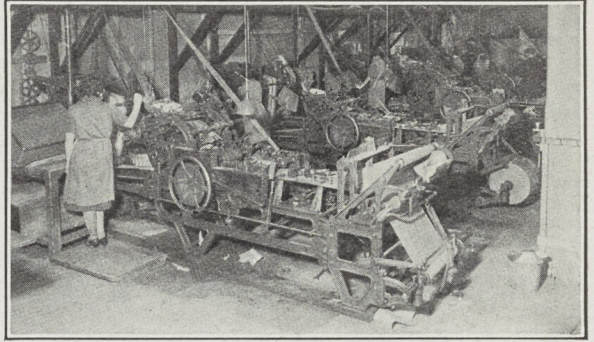
And We Make Bags, Too!

Millions of 'Em Last Year

We sat up with a considerable start when we had that statement whizzed at us, for up to that point we'd had no more idea than the rest of you that our bag-making activities were anything as extensive. The figures for 1931 run into tens of millions—which is quite a few bags. And we hadn't known anything about it.

Possibly that is because the Bag Factory itself is hidden away in the Basement of Mail Order Unit 2—well off the beaten track, so to speak, so that all its good works are correspondingly little known. But once you do thread your way through towering canyons of canned spinach, and what not, and finally reach the factory, you'll discover ample evidence of the activity that goes to produce such an impressive output.

The bag-making machinery, of course, takes up the greater portion of the space. They're profoundly interesting bits of work—almost human in the deft way they take the paper as it comes from the roll, fold it, gum it, shape and paste the bottom—but entirely superhuman in the lightning



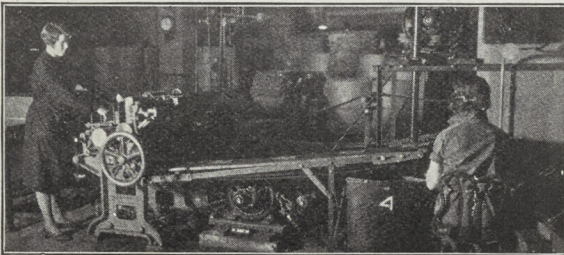
A Battery of Bag-Making Machines

speed at which they do it all. Whack! Whack! Whack! go the machines, and every whack is a bag—an endless series— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 30 lb.—and about five bags produced while your watch ticks once.

We supply the whole Eaton system with grocery bags. We supply all the East with millinery bags. We supply Toronto's coffee bags. And we make all our own bags—bags and bags of bags.

Boxes, too—suit boxes, and particularly butter boxes, which are stamped out, a dozen at a time, from the huge sheets of cardboard, put through the waxer and then shot through another greased lightning machine that folds and sticks the sides together, and whacks 'em out at the other end at a rate that lets the factory pile up 130,000 a day.

Quite a feather in Winnipeg's cap is this bustling factory, supplying as it does, so much of the whole system with containers. And one fact of which Harry Clarke, the alert mentor of this hive of industry, is particularly proud, is that every one of his employees is a "home product"—taken from their departments and trained to their job right here. Not a single "importation" was necessary.



Printing the Finished Bags

Looking Backward

Two Random Pages from the Files of Memory



To the left, ladies and gentlemen, we present an aggregation of stout fellows which we can easily believe caused many a palpitation in the breasts of feminine spectators during the year of grace 1910. It is no less illustrious a body than the Eaton Football Team of that year, and contains faces familiar to all old-timers—and in many cases to all present-day employees. The photo was taken

at Polo Park. *Back Row*—Woodend, McBride, Gordon Dailley (228), Dave Dick (225), Schubert, Handford. *Front Row*—Fitzpatrick, Sherman, Blocksyde, Sam Metcalfe (100), Harry Moran (122).

And this, strange to say, is *not* a section of The Retreat from Moscow, but nothing less than the great-granddaddy of all Santa Claus parades—the first sure-nuff parade of all of which there is any photographic record. Mr. Noble Smith, now head of the



Basement, and who was in charge of the parade in question, gives the date as 1908. This photo was taken at the start of the parade, which was then in the wilds of St. James, "miles" out Portage Avenue. Mr. Fred Beal, in those days, had a Summer cottage down by the river "out in the country," and it was in this cottage that the performers changed and made ready, and from which the parade started. This isn't just part of the parade, remember—it's the whole works—two buglers, two floats, eight horses—a dozen people—just about the same outfit that makes up a single float today. But was excitement all down Portage much less in those days?—ask the old-timers!

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces and took chances and changes of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came; and so found the truth of the old proverb that good times and bad times and all times pass over.—*Charles Kingsley.*

* * *

The best cure for worry, depression, melancholy, brooding, is to go deliberately forth

and try to lift with one's sympathy the gloom of somebody else. And let both those who can and those who can't do good works make a practice of benevolent thought.

Let all think kindly of others; never criticise them, never condemn, never judge; on the contrary, let all condone, excuse, justify, seek to comprehend, seek to put themselves in the place of others. This mental attitude has to be perseveringly cultivated. It cannot be adopted by mere good resolution.—*Arnold Bennett.*

The EATON Girls' Basketball League

Ere this epic appears in print our league representatives will have embarked on the series of playoff games which will declare a winner of the Winnipeg and District Girls' Basketball Association as City-wide champions, and give them possession of the beautiful new B. C. Scrivener Trophy for one year.

Those in the know, feel very confident that the Eaton team will go a long way in this competition, and none are more proud of the Summerettes than the manager and coaches who have labored hard to round the team into perfect shape.

The girls themselves have been practicing very faithfully in hopes of bringing honor to the big Store.

The League Executives are strong in their support of the team, and whatever happens, we know the girls will do their best and give them their all.

Following are the dates on which they play. All games are at the Y.W.C.A., Ellice Avenue, and start at 8.45 p.m. prompt. Admission, 10 cents and 25 cents.

The girls deserve the support of the Store's athletic organizations, and if you have never seen a game of basketball, now is your chance to see some games of championship calibre.

Come in your department groups.

Thursday, March 17th, 8.45 p.m.—Normal League vs. Eaton League.

Tuesday, March 22nd, 8.45 p.m.—Eaton League vs. Normal League.

Total points to count.

If successful in defeating the Normal League, they meet the Winnipeg City League.

Thursday, March 24th, 8.45 p.m.—City League vs. Eaton League.

Monday, March 28th, 8.45 p.m.—Eaton League vs. City League.

Total points to count.

Other dates if successful: Thursday, March 31st; Monday, April 4th; Thursday, April 7th; Monday, April 11th.

Watch daily papers and Store Bulletin Boards for results.

Following we give a sketch with photo of each artist.



Mike Johnson—Dept. 220, Coach. Is happy his team is in there, and can be depended to help out to the limit.



Chas. Riggall—Dept. 23, Manager. A hard worker for his team, and also handled last year's Dodgers. Thinks his girls are Oke.



Jack Carnegie—Dept. 245, Asst. Coach. Was referee of the Eaton League during the last two seasons. Knows his basketball from A to Z. And when our schedule was completed asked to be excused of other referee duties so he could aid Mike with the Summerettes. Has a nice way of imparting his knowledge to players.

Agnes McCaffrey—Dept. 259, Centre. Is a tall player, very aggressive and generally gets the jump ball—has a clever long shot. Last year with the Ramblers, Store League champions.



Anne McCaffrey—Dept. 147, Right Forward. Like her sister is a very aggressive player and hugs the basket for close plays—is No. 3 of last year's Rambler champions.

Terry Wallace—Dept. 205, Forward. One of the cleverest players in the game, and packs a wicked shot from the side lines—she was also with the champion Ramblers of last year.





Inez McKinnon — Guard. Defends her basket with the utmost vim, and is a dangerous shot when she makes a sortee down the floor. Just one more Rambler of last year.

Beulah Braid — Dept. 212, Guard. Watches her check like a hawk, and it is always hard to get past her side of the floor. Last year with the Maroons.



Nellie King — Dept. 147, Relief Centre. No. 1. The comic cut of the team, always in the play and known for her famous slogan, "Guard your wimmin'." Last year with the Dodgers.



Margaret McAlpine — Dept. 104, Relief Forward. A very clean player who packs a neat shot. Went through last season, with the Dodgers, without a personal foul against her.



Nora Doyle — Dept. 207, Relief Centre. No. 2. A new comer to our league, displays a beautiful pivot movement and has a neat jump shot when near the basket.



Leah Little — Dept. 247, Relief Forward. Excels in shooting and plays a nice dribble game, and, until her recent illness, was well up in the scoring table. Another of last year's Dodgers.



Evelyn Corns — Dept. 101, Relief Guard. Last on the list but by no means the least—is always on her toes and makes her opponents shoot from far out was one of the main reasons why the Ramblers were champions last year.



Five-Pin Mixed Bowling League

The schedule is fast drawing to a close. In A division the race is fairly even, but Olympics are out well in front in B division with only nine more games to play. Even at that anything might happen to upset the dope in the next three weeks.

A meeting to arrange the Duck Pin Competition was held in the Saratoga Committee Rooms, after the games on Tuesday, and Rules and Regulations were drawn up. The league will operate for nine weeks. Scratch—ladies, 80; scratch—gents, 100; plus and minus system to be used without limit. Bowling will be in the upstairs alleys at the Saratoga, Tuesday nights at 7 p.m. Schedule starts April 12th. All other regulations same as those governing the five-pin league. The following teams compose the Duck Pin League: Dandies, Lucky Strikes, Olympics, Headpins, Dubs, Set Ups, Ramblers, Heathers, Printers and Troubadours.

* * * *

SPLITS AND STRIKES

Miss Fryer, of the Printers, deserves a medal for smiling after getting six headpins in a row.

* * *

Fred Game winds up like a baseball pitcher after he throws the ball, and Dickie uses the crawl stroke like a swimmer.

* * *

Jean Hastie fell the other night coming to bowl, then she bowled her high game for the season. Her team don't wish her any ill luck but are hoping it is slippery when the play-offs are on.

* * *

Len Ringrose should change the name of his team from Ringers to Squatters. They sure like to stay at the bottom. Better luck next year, Len.

* * *

The Dandies are wondering why Elsie has not been able to get out to bowl Tuesday nights like her sisters, Min and Lenore. Who is the young man?

* * *

Geo. Latimer says the duck pins are going to be his meat. He is practising daily.

* * *

It was hard luck that Clarence Saunders couldn't finish with strikes after eight in a row.

* * *

The married men bowl better the evenings their wives are among the spectators. More concentration on the game?

Football

The Wanderers football team are requested to attend a meeting in the Smoking Room, Wednesday, April 6th, at 8 p.m. A good attendance is desired.



THE EATON LADIES' CURLING CLUB AT THE GRANITE RINK

Reading from left to right—Mrs. Halliday, Miss Walsb, Miss Aitchison, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Erskine, Mrs. Cook, Miss Ross, Mrs. McKeen, Mrs. Kendry, Miss K. Mebarry, Miss Noble, Miss Williams, Miss Dunsmore, Miss Copeland, Miss Menard. Several members absent.

Lady Curlers

The Florence Wilson Trophy was won by Miss Veronica Walsh when she defeated Miss Gladys Ross to the tune of 9-4. Second place goes to Miss Mary Waddington, runner-up, with one less win than the champion rink.

It has been a very successful season, the schedule having been run off with few delays or defaults. Competition was keener than in former years, and we hope the curling some better.



THE WALSH RINK

Winners of the Florence Wilson Trophy

Left to right—Veronica Walsb, Skip; Mrs. Halliday, Third; Mrs. McKeen, Second; Miss Copeland, Lead.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the Heather Club, Friday, March 18th, when the Heather ladies entertained three of the Eaton rinks. Although our girls were badly beaten they gained valuable experience, for the Heather ladies certainly know how the game is played.

Arrangements are under way for the Annual Wind-up and presentation of prizes, which will take place in April.

Twenty-Two

Softball

With the annual meeting and election of officers of the softball set for Friday, April 8th, at 8 p.m., in our Club Rooms, teams should be getting ready with their organization, team officers should be elected and entries ready. Each team to appoint two delegates with proper credentials to attend the meeting.

Don't forget—Friday, April 8th, at 8 p.m.

Eaton Ironmen, last year's champions of the City Mercantile League, are entered this year in the fast company of the Commercial League. More about them next edition.

Hockey

On Tuesday, February 23rd, at the Amphitheatre Rink, two more hockey games were played between the Eaton girls and Varsity girls, and between the City and the Mail Order boys. And, as an added attraction, a game of Broom Ball was played, which created a lot of fun both for spectators and players. It ended in a scoreless draw.

In the girls' game, Varsity opened the scoring in the first period when M. Cochrane sneaked a loose puck past May Manson, which ended the scoring until the last period, when V. Musgrove received a nice pass from H. Ransom to tie the score with just a few minutes to play. The teams lined up as follows: Varsity—M. Shaw, A. Livingstone, D. Boyd, B. Newton, T. Cuppy, M. Cochrane, G. Fuller, M. Young, M. Osler, D. Mudge. Eaton's—M. Manson, S. Breckman, O. Torrance, F. Musgrove, B. Goodman, G. Goodman, V. Musgrove, K. Bowser, H. Ransom, F. Shepherd.

The boys' game was a heavy scoring affair, when the City went out for revenge on the Mail Order by running up a 9 to 3 victory. In the first period the City got right down to business and touched the twine five times to the Mail Order's once, and came right back in the second and notched four more while all the Mail Order could get was two. In the third period the Mail tried to even things up but failed to get anything past Hanna, while the rest of his team mates played a defensive game, and the period went scoreless. Hodgert was the heavy scorer when he got four counters, while his team mate, Dundas, notched three.

CONTACTS

Line-ups as follows: City—Hanna, Davis, Littler, McCormick, Hodgert, Anderton, Tomes, Gray, Dundas, Watson. Mail—Forrest, McCallum, Arnason, Mulloy, Nixon, Ridgedale, Purkis, Wilkenson, Johansson.

Referee—H. Benson.

* * * *

ICE CRACKLINGS

Harding is still smoking cigars, also from the Littler and McCormick affair.

* * *

Stan, that was a dirty trick, but it was a fast one.

* * *

Benson says that broom ball is alright for the players, but it takes a referee with long arms and fast legs to get out of the way of the brooms when making a throw in.

* * *

Dunc Sprout, his side kick, caught him a dandy in the back of the neck with his broom.

* * *

Walter Anderson, as a skater, sure kept the ice clean for the rest of the boys.

* * *

McCallum and Ridgedale combined for a nice goal in the second period. They had Hanna at their mercy.

* * *

Mr. Wm. Simpson was at the game, not as a guest.

* * *

About the peanuts referred to in last edition. Ed. Odell's pockets look bulky. How about it, Ed.?

* * *

The Arnason-McCallum defense gave the customers quite a laugh when they lined up, certain rude fellows pointing them out as "Laurel and Hardy." The resemblance ended there, however, as there was no flappedoodle about the brand of the hockey the two gentlemen produced.

Ten-Pin Bowling

Eaton's No. 2 team in the Commercial League went into top place when Bert Bateman totalled 640 for his three games. This is the second time in three weeks that an Eaton bowler has been high man in the world's largest bowling league.

The race for top place in our House League remains very close. There is only one other race that is any closer. Only three games separate the first four teams. Drugs are leading with Candies in second place, thanks to Quinn, who is picking up the odd spare. Pounding away, one game behind, are the Pillpounders, who have a big "Hole" in their team. President Artiss has his team in third place, just three games behind the Drugs. Interviewed, Mr. Artiss said, "If we had a handicap we would be the team to beat." Mr. Livingstone's records are the same as last month.

CHERRIES

Boles, the Pillpounder, had the Drugs reaching for Aspirins when he made his nice 238 count.

Kennedy, of the Eighth Floor team, rolled two steady games the other night. They were 107 and 206.

Hole, bowling on our No. 2 team in the Commercial League, was high man of the night with a 638 count.

If our Shippers would get out on time they might lead the league, as the only games they lost lately were forfeited.

Dundas showed up the "Big Berthas" with a 601 score.

Woodward will be down with the "Bends" unless he starts hitting them right.

The boys are still bowling their best games off the alleys.

Ladies' Swimming Club

Now that Summer is just around the corner, the members of the Ladies' Swimming Club are making increased efforts for a bigger Summer membership. Their plans, at present, are for the next session to start April 20th and continue till September 7th (21 weeks), every Wednesday evening at 6.45 p.m. at the Y.W.C.A.

Their life-saving class is making splendid progress. Four of the girls are taking their examination for their certificates for life saving within the next week or so.

Watch the Time Office notice boards for further information.

Eaton Cricket Club

The Eaton cricketers and friends held another social evening on March 11th, at 8.30 p.m. This event taking place at the home of their popular ace, Clarence Saunders.

During the evening Court Whist was indulged in. The winners proved to be Mrs. J. Slater and Marjorie Saunders for the ladies, and Mr. J. Slater and Mr. J. Croucher for the gentlemen.

Following the whist a very pleasing programme of games was enjoyed by all, and to complete the evening delightful refreshments were served by the ladies.

* * *

The annual meeting and election of officers was held Friday, April 1st, at 8.30 p.m., at 283 Woodlawn Street, St. James.

—J.W.F.



THE BLOOMER RINK

Winners of the coveted McGee Cup for the 1932 season, repeating their supremacy of last year when they also annexed the handsome silverware.

Left to Right—D. Sturgeon, H. Rajotte, C. Hyde, Jas. Bloomer (skip).

GROUP WINNERS

CITY GROUP

W. Collinshaw, Skip. D. Stewart.
G. Usher. J. Stables.

RECEIVING ROOM

W. MacIntosh, Skip. F. Lyons.
E. Ramsay. G. Paull.

PRINTING

Jas. Buchanan, Skip. G. Leslie.
J. Murray. E. Grier.

WAREHOUSE

W. Scott, Skip. O. Olsen.
E. Gage. J. Johnson.

Men's Curling

Well, it's all over for another Winter, and once again the old reliable Jim Bloomer and his stout-hearted quartet have emerged at the top of the heap, firmly grasping the McGee Trophy, which they first captured last year.

Above, the Bloomer rink is shown grouped defiantly about the silverware, their faces struggling between expressions of pride of possession and no trespassing. It was a great year for the boys.

The Annual Smoker and presentation of prizes will be held at the Granite Rink on Wednesday, April 6, at 8.15 p.m. Everybody welcome.

And these are the lucky winners:

MCGEE CUP

Jas. Bloomer, Skip. H. Rajotte
D. Sturgeon. C. Hyde.

RUNNERS-UP

J. Laing, Skip. A. McCormack.
S. Carter. T. Leaney.

Eaton Golf Club

The first meeting of the Eaton Golf Club for the 1932 season was held in the Employees' Club Rooms, March 11th, with the president, Mr. W. B. Pickard, in the chair.

After reviewing the activities of the past season, which were quite satisfactory, nominations for the executive for 1932 were opened, and, after some discussion, the following will act this year: Honorary President, Mr. R. Y. Eaton; Honorary Vice-Presidents, Mr. H. M. Tucker and Mr. S. Wilson; President, Mr. B. C. Scrivener; Vice-President, Mr. W. Houston; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. S. Carter. Executive—Messrs. J. Palmer, A. C. Mitchell, W. Curry, R. Hinch, H. Matthews, J. D. Eaton, A. C. Glennie, L. Wimble, G. Hawley, H. Rowlin, J. Fowler, H. Steele.

With this strong executive, we are looking forward to a banner year. Our objective for 1932 is 400 members. We are asking for your support. Can we count on you?

—A. S. Carter.

Golfing Visitor at a holiday course (to a stranger whom he spies near the first tee): "Would you care to give me a match?"

Stranger (not a golfer): "No, but I can lend you my lighter!"